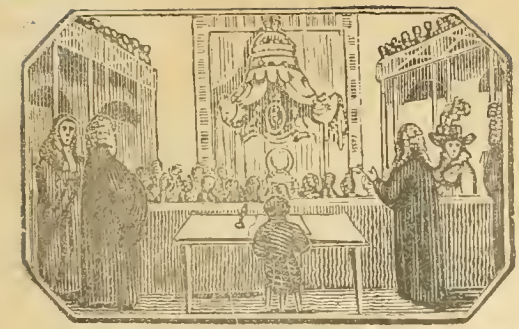

Wild & Wick'd YOUTH,

IN Newry town I was bred and born,
In Stephen's Green I died with scorn;
I served my time to the saddling trade,
And always was a roving blade.

At seventeen, I took a wife,
I loved her as dear as I loved my life,
And to maintain her fine and gay,
A robbing I went, on the highway.

But my money it did grow low,
On the highwaay I was forced to go;
When I robbed both lords and ladies bright,
And brought the gold to my hearts's delight.

I robbed Lord Golding, I do declare,
Lady Mansfield, in Grovesnor square;
I shut the shutters, and bid them good night,
And went away to my heart's delight.

To Covent Garden I took my way,
With my blooming maid to see the play,
Till Fielding's gang did me pursue,
And taken I was by that cursed crew.

My father cries, "I am undone,"
My mother cries for her darling son,
My wife she tears her golden hair,
What shall I do, for I'm in despair.

But when I'm dead, and in my grave,
A decent funeral let me have;
Six highwaymen to carry me,
Give them broadswords and liberty.

Six blooming girls to bear my pall,
Give them gloves and ribbons all;
When I'm dead, they'll tell the truth,
He was a wild and wicked youth.

THE

NIGHTINGALE

IN THE EAST.

ON a dark lonely night, on the Crimea's dread shore,
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morning before,
The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
Some crying for help—there's none to be found,
And God in his mercy, he pity'd their cries,
And the soldier so cheerful in the morning doth rise.
So forward, my lads, may your heart never fail,
You are cheer'd by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.

Now God sent this woman to succour the brave,
Some thousands she saved, from an untimely grave;
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's bounteous and good,
The wants of the wounded, are by her understood.
With fever some brought in, with life almost gone,
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments are torn,
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,
Now they're cheer'd by the presence of a sweet Nightingale,

Her heart it means good—for no bounty she'll take,
She'd lay down her life, for the poor soldier's sake,
She prays for the dying, she gives peace to the brave,
She feels that a soldier has a soul to be saved.
The wounded they love her, as it has been seen,
She's the soldier's preserver, they call her their queen.
May God give her strength, and her heart never fail,
One of Heaven's best gifts, is Miss Nightingale.

The wives of the wounded, how thankful are they,
Their husbands are cared for, how happy are they.
Whate'er her country, this gift God has given,
The soldier's they say she's an angel from Heaven.
Sing praises to this woman, deny it who can!
And all women was sent for the comfort of man,
Let's hope no more against them you'll rail,
Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss Nightingale.

London: Printed at the "Catnach Press," by W. S. FORTEY, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials. The Oldest and Cheapest House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts), Song Books, Children's Books &c.

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Wild & wick'd youth. The nightingale in the east.

London : Printed at the "Catnach Press," by
W.S. Fortey, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials,
[between 1854 and 1856?]

Elmer Belt Florence Nightingale Collection

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